

# SOMEBODY'S CHILD

Hungry eyes, a gap-toothed grin,  
Tell-tale signs all's right within -  
But he seems so needy, he reaches out,  
Craving affection - What's that about?  
There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose  
He's somebody's child, but do you suppose .....

He's being nurtured, he's being fed?  
He feels safe at night, tucked in his bed?  
Is his life happy? Is it loving and warm?  
Does his soul soar, is he free from harm?  
There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose -  
He's somebody's child, but do you suppose .....

Those bruises you notice on his legs and arms -  
He fell again? Did that raise alarms?  
Another black eye? Another loose tooth?  
He'll give you a reason, but it's seldom the truth.  
There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose -  
He's somebody's child, but do you suppose .....



When he hugs you so tightly, when he clings to your breast ,  
When he looks at you, hopeful that you'll see the rest:  
The truth behind bruises, the lies covering pain,  
Wishing you'd stop it from happening again.  
There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose -  
He's somebody's child, but do you suppose .....

That some children are battered, and beaten, and torn;  
Raped and molested and objects of scorn?  
That some children face hell in their short time on Earth,  
Awakened to misery from the hour of their birth?  
There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose -  
He's somebody's child, but do you suppose .....

If you do not ask questions, if you turn away,  
Somebody's child might not see a new day.  
Search for the answers, stand strong for a child  
No matter whose feelings or opinions are riled.  
We have but one future, it's one we all share:  
We must save the children, it's the cross we must bear.

There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose -  
He's somebody's child, but to see that he grows  
Happy and healthy and hearty and hale,  
We must stand and fight, we just cannot fail.  
For if children are lost, so are we, too;  
So take up the gauntlet - they're depending on you.

There's a dusting of freckles on the bridge of his nose  
He's somebody's child. And you're someone who knows.

*Mary Louise Sparks*